

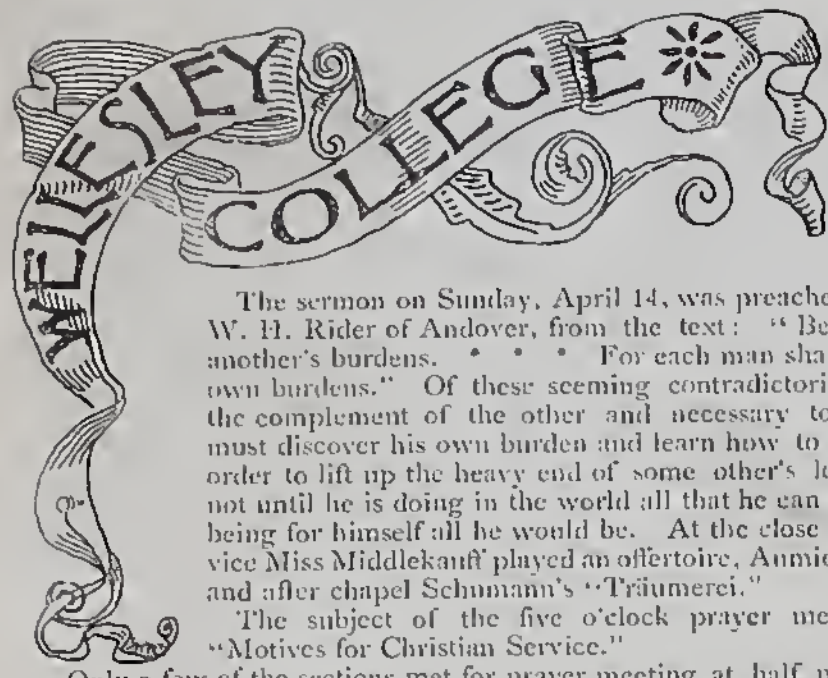
The Courant

College Edition.

VOL. I.—No. 29.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



The sermon on Sunday, April 14, was preached by Rev. W. H. Rider of Andover, from the text: "Bear ye one another's burdens." For each man shall bear his own burdens. Of these seeming contradictions each is the complement of the other and necessary to it. One must discover his own burden and learn how to treat it in order to lift up the heavy end of some other's load. And not until he is doing in the world all that he can do, is man being for himself all he would be. At the close of the service Miss Middlekauff played an offertory, Anniour, Batiste, and after chapel Schumann's "Trümmerei."

The subject of the five o'clock prayer meeting was "Motives for Christian Service."

Only a few of the sections met for prayer meeting at half past seven, owing to the vesper service which was held after evening chapel.

Vesper Service.

If it were possible for us to enjoy a vesper service more than usual, we would agree in rating Sunday evening's service as especially delightful; for the pleasure which music-lovers always derive from the service was increased by the philosophical interpretations given by Miss Case. The program was an exceptionally good one, and Miss Middlekauff's rendering beyond criticism. The infinite sadness of the air, "He was despised and rejected of men" was impressed upon us anew by Miss Roberts' sympathetic singing. The service was a most peaceful and fitting close to the first glorious spring Sunday of the year and we are much indebted to those who were responsible for the happy opening it made of the term. We only hope it may be repeated.

PROGRAM.

Prelude Trümmerei.....Schumann
Vesper Service:
1. Pastorale in F.....Whiting
2. Postludium in G.....Whiting
3. Allegretto in B minor.....Guilmant
4. "He was despised".....Handel
(From the Messiah.)
5. Sanctus.....Gounod
(From St. Cecilia's Day Mass.)

Prof. Cohn's Lecture.

LE ROMANTISME.

On Wednesday the 10th Prof. Cohn of Harvard gave a most interesting lecture on the much discussed subject of "Le Romantisme dans la Littérature Française."

The lecturer commenced by saying that all literature reflects the spirit of the age in which it is written. During the 16th and 17th centuries the minds of all were influenced by the Renaissance; men's thoughts occupied themselves with histories of ancient times, hence the literature was the record and impress of those former times. Boileau does not even mention Milton or Shakespeare. But with the advent of new thoughts and new aspirations, with the revolution of the state came the revolution of literature—*le romantisme*. The falling away of old traditions brought in fresh and original ideas as seen, for example, in the works of Lamartine and Alfred de Musset. Just what is meant by *romantisme* was not well understood, however, as Lamartine and de Musset both denied being of that school, although they are called romantists to-day.

Le romantisme was the literary revolution and Victor Hugo was the foremost revolutionist. In his prefaces he gives us the best idea of what is contained in the words *le romantisme*, and lays down therein his highest art principles. He denies the right of a critic to object to certain subjects being used in literature, and claims that one has the right to say what he wishes and in the way he wishes. *Le romantisme* introduced not only many subjects, which had before been thought unworthy a place in literature, but also many new forms of fiction and a whole host of hitherto excluded words.

Prof. Cohn drew attention to the fact that the romantic movement took place not only in literature but in all the arts, in painting particularly.

Prof. Cohn treated his theme throughout in the brilliant, comprehensive way which is characteristic of his lectures and which makes the subject at once interesting and easily grasped.

In the evening he spoke for an hour upon the present political situation of France. This was one of the most entertaining and instructive lectures we have had during the entire year, and our only regret is that owing to the lateness of the announcement many were prevented from being present. The audience though small was extremely enthusiastic and the hope was expressed that Prof. Cohn would soon repeat his talk when all could attend.

Lecture in Vocal Expression.

Thursday afternoon in Stone Hall parlor, Mrs. Anna Bayright Curry of the Boston School of Expression gave a lecture to the students of elocution and literature. Her subject was "Vocal Expression as a Practical Aid in the Study of Literature." By vocal expression is meant not merely the technically right use of the voice, but the expression of the poet's thought through the imagination, the balancing of the emotions and the harmonious arrangement of the environments of thought. Through such study and expression we become familiar with the poet's inner self. Mrs. Curry's talk was illustrated by selections from Keats, Tennyson, Wordsworth and Shakespeare, closing with the ballad of "The Cruel Sister."

The Dartmouth Glee Club.

On Wednesday evening, April 10th, the Dartmouth College Glee Club gave a very enjoyable concert in the Town Hall, under the auspices of the Wellesley Racket Club. Although the audience did not contain quite as large a per cent. of our students as it has on previous, similar occasions, the reason of it must be laid to the fact that Wednesday evening is not so conducive as Saturday night to that calm state of mind and freedom from anxiety necessary to the full enjoyment of such an entertainment.

The club gave excellent satisfaction; and although the "warbler" was incapacitated for active service by a "peculiar inflammation of the parotid glands," the audience was well content with his substitute. The "guitar and banjo club" showed good training, and responded to encores, as did also the vocal and instrumental soloists.

Considering its recent organization, Dartmouth may well be proud of her Glee Club.

Prof. Denio's Lecture.

The course of lectures on mediæval German literature corresponding to that on the Romance tongues recently completed, was opened last Saturday afternoon by Professor Denio. The subject was the literature before the twelfth century.

Prof. Denio first spoke of the beginning of German literature and mentioned the fact that though the Germans were, later in their history, so much tardier than their neighbors in literary advancement, yet in the beginning they led them all. The most ancient work, Ulflas' translation of the Bible into Gothic, was then spoken of, and part of the sixth chapter of Matthew read in the original and in a German translation. The speaker showed by examples the close relation of this Gothic tongue not only to the modern German, but also to English. The chief, indeed the only remaining examples of the literature from the fourth to the eighth century were spoken of in the order of their production. The Wessobrunner Gebet, a prayer to God "the mildest of men," opening with a short account of the creation was read. There is now extant a fragment of the Hildebrandslied, a tale of the ancient Germans, probably committed to writing only after it had, for centuries, been enjoyed through the bards. The ninth century produced two long Messianic poems. Heland, the oldest Christian epic and last alliterative poem far surpasses in poetic value the more recent Krist. The latter, however, is a most useful philological study. It is the first attempt at rhyme. Ludwigslied was written by Huchald in praise of Louis III. After this, Latin influence, brought in by the monks, overcame the German, as we see by the Latin poetry of the Goliards. The gain in culture was however attended by a great loss in the wealth of the literature. *Waltherian manu fortis* is probably a translation from the mother-tongue. We are greatly interested in learning of the first German authoress, Roswitha, a nun, who wrote six comedies in Latin after the style of Terence. The lecture closed with a general view of the times. The speaker added not a little interest to this delightful lecture by her exquisite and accurate translation of many of the works mentioned.

College Notes.

President Bragdon of Lasell and Rev. Dr. Spenser, a man well known in educational circles, made a brief visit to the College on Tuesday. Last week Miss Liggett of Detroit, at whose school Miss Bronson '87-'88, is teaching, made a short stay with one of her students, Miss Perry.

A reading for the benefit of the Monroe Fund will be given in the chapel next Monday evening at half-past seven by Mr. Leland T. Powers. There is no need to bespeak a most enjoyable evening to all who will go, for many have known before what is to be derived from hearing Mr. Powers. The tickets will be thirty-five cents for reserved seats, and twenty-five for general admission.

The dandelion made his first visit of the year to Wellesley last Tuesday.

The College Faculty have voted, after mature deliberation, to permit the revival of the Greek-Letter Societies, Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha. Further tidings in the next COURANT.

Rev. Geo. W. Durell of Somerville, and E. D. Shinn of Newton, conducted the Lenten service Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Joseph Cook of Boston was the guest of Prof. Hodgkins over Sunday last.

The College is looking forward to a visit from Miss Brigham, President Elect of Mt. Holyoke College, who will be the guest of Prof. Hodgkins for a few days. Miss Shafer invites the Faculty to meet Miss Brigham Saturday evening. Mrs. Claffin makes a reception for her Monday afternoon, and on Tuesday Mrs. Durant gives a lunch-party in her honor.

It is with a peculiar sense of loss that we say farewell this week to Miss Kin Kato who, during the brief period of her residence here, has endeared herself to many. We wish her a warm welcome in Japan, with all joy and success in her labors there.

Prof. Lord, the delegate of Wellesley to the Commission of New England Colleges, attended a protracted meeting of the Commission in Boston this week. There was also a conference of the Association of New England Colleges and Preparatory Schools, to discuss methods of obtaining definiteness and uniformity in the modern language requirements. This conference was attended by Prof. Sée and Prof. Winckebach, the latter presenting a paper.

Deep sympathy is felt throughout the College for the family of Dr. Peirce, tidings of whose sudden death reached Wellesley Friday afternoon. The wedding-day of his daughter, a graduate of '80, had been fixed for Tuesday next.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Miss Clara B. Potwin, '84, is teaching at Cedag Park Seminary, Spuyten Duyvil-on-Hudson, New York City.

Miss Elizabeth F. Hume, special student at Wellesley '87-'89, will teach next year in the new Episcopal school, Bishop Hopkins Hall, at Burlington, Vt.

Miss Charlotte R. Keith, '87, has been obliged to give up teaching on account of a slight paralysis of the muscles of the throat. She is under treatment in Boston and is slowly regaining the use of her voice.

Mrs. Ada Underwood Ayres, student at Wellesley '82-'84, has recently removed from Marion, Ala., to Boston. Mr. Ayres is now in business in the latter city.

Born.

In Tanawly, N. J., April 12, Dorothy, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Beecher White, student at Dana Hall '83-'85.

In Boston, March 1, a daughter to Mrs. Ada Underwood Ayres, student at Wellesley '82-'84.

Died.

April 19, at his home in Newton, Rev. Bradford K. Peirce, for many years an honored friend and trustee of Wellesley.

The Annual of '89.

Since there are a number who are not familiar with the *Olio*, *Gull* and *Cornellian*, and since, among those who are, there has been considerable misunderstanding as to the nature of the publication which the Senior class are about to bring out, it has seemed best to give in general an outline of the proposed contents of the Annual.

There will be lists of the Board of Trustees, the Board of Visitors and the Faculty. With the name of each member of the Faculty will be given the college at which her degree or degrees were taken.

An alphabetical list of all the Alumnae, together with the year in which each was graduated and her home address, will also be given. Great care will be taken to make this as accurate as possible, and it is understood that such a list will be particularly desirable, as there will be no new supplement to the Alumnae Register until 1890, and the present one does not include any who have taken their degree since 1887.

Similar lists to those of the Alumnae will be printed of all the students in college during the academic year. They will be arranged by classes and with each class will be an editorial, illustration, and names of officers. The Specials have an equal space allotted to their interests.

The Schools of Music and Art will receive special notice.

The number of volumes in the Library, and the magazines and papers taken will be enumerated.

The Christian Association, the Shakespeare Society, the Philosophical Clubs, the Scientific Societies, the Dramatic Clubs, the Art Clubs, the Beethoven Society, the Glee Clubs, the Tennis Association and the Boat Crews will all have places in the Annual.

It is likewise proposed to give in detail the lectures, concerts and social events of the year.

Gleanings from the Dulce column and, it is hoped, a fresh supply of wit and humor, will occupy a number of pages.

The last fifty pages of the book will be occupied by advertisements. Throughout the publication will be illustrations, among them several views of the College buildings and, if successful, the composite of '89.

This in general is the prospectus of the Annual. There will be, however, other matters of interest.

It is expected that the Annual will be ready for sale by the middle of June. The price will probably be 75 cents: in any case not over one dollar.

The hope is that every member of the College as well as of the Alumnae will desire at least one copy of the Annual and that its success will be so permanently insured that it may be carried on in succeeding years with ever-increasing prosperity.

Will all, who are not among the present students of the College and who desire a copy of the publication, please send orders immediately to Miss Caroline L. Williamson? All orders from members of the College may be sent to Miss Emilie N. De Rochemont, Freeman.

Caroline L. Williamson, Editor-in-Chief, S. Louise Magone, First Assistant, Mary A. Edwards, Business Manager, Emilie N. DeRochemont, Ethel Paton, Katharine M. Quint, Edith James, Louise M. Pearsons, Grace Andrews, assistant editors.

Meeting is the Beginning of Parting.

Dear Wellesley College Friends:—The spring has come and the birds are coming back from the south; the time has come for me also to set my face toward my dear home. Before I leave Wellesley I want to express a word of thanks to the President, the Faculty, my fellow-students, and all the members of the College for the kindness shown me during my pleasant stay here; my only regret is that I cannot enjoy it longer, even till the end of the term. But time flies swifter than the arrow from the hunter's bow, and if I should stay here several years longer, I should still feel as if I had been here only a month. The parting of friends is always hard, but in making new friends I try to remember the saying of our people: "The meeting is the beginning of parting."

You may have heard that the age of this College is about the same as that of the first Girls' Normal School in Tokio, Japan, in which I was a pupil before I came to America. Mr. Durant heard of the establishment of our Normal School, and was very much interested in it, and sent the picture of Wellesley College there. In return, the Empress, who had helped to found the school, sent a letter of acknowledgment with the pictures of their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress. It gave me great delight when I saw these pictures in the Browning room for the first time.

I did not observe the picture of the College when I was in our Normal School, but when I return I shall surely recognize the gift of Mr. Durant, and the sight of it will at once bring back pleasant remembrances of the dear College.

This College and our Normal School are closely related in my mind. They are of the same age; both have given me treasures of knowledge. I hope that as the years go on, the two schools may know more of each other, and that the friendship already begun may grow warmer.

I regret that I did not have time to say a separate good-bye to you all, but I know you will kindly excuse me; and I shall look forward with great anticipation to the time when some of you will feel like extending your summer trip to Japan, and I may shake hands with you on the opposite side of the globe.

Wishing you happiness and success in all you attempt, I bid you farewell.

KIN KATO.

Missionary Notes.

The severity of the winter is increasing the distress caused by the famine in Shang-Tung and Manchuria. It is estimated that 1,500,000 persons are starving.—*Miss. Rev. of the World.*

Marshall Booth of the Salvation Army in reviewing his forces at Chicago said that within twelve years 1,000,000 men and women had been secured from the slums and transformed into self-supporting, sober, Christian citizens by its work.—*Miss. Rev. of the World.*

The restrictions placed on the press by the Turkish Government are many and oppressive. The new censor of the press examines all articles and strikes out such words as "union" and "freedom." In the sentence in the Sunday school lesson, "Ruth's union with the family of Elimelech had freed her from idolatry," the words we have italicized were stricken out. Only after representations made by the American Legation was the paper permitted to speak of the *United States of America*.—*Miss. Herald.*

It is not unlikely that Dr. Phillips Brooks, who intends to visit Japan this summer, will be impressed into service as a preacher in the great cities there.—*Cong.*

Tidings come of exceptional religious interest among the students of the Doshisha, the American Board school in Kyoto, Japan. Dr. George W. Knox, one of the leading American Presbyterian missionaries in Tokyo, in emphasizing the need of special work for young men says: "Nowhere in all the world is there a fairer field for work. Now is the day for Japan. Success here means very much for all Asia. Failure here is an alternative we dare not contemplate. If we gain the young men we gain Japan."—*Cong.*

A recent conflagration in a remote Chinese village destroyed the ancestral home of the family of Confucius, with all its contents, one of the most remarkable literary and artistic collections in the world, containing as it did every extant memorial of the great teacher.—*Miss. Rev. of the World.*

Intercollegiate News.

Cornell has eight Japanese students.

The largest college in the world is that at Cairo, Egypt, with 300 professors and 10,000 Mahometan students.

At Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., a building to take the place of that destroyed by fire last August is already in course of construction. It is arranged to accommodate not more than 100 students, a larger number, it is believed, tending to destroy the best results of personal influence between instructors and pupils.

The most heavily endowed educational institutions in the United States are: Girard, \$10,000,000; Columbia, \$5,000,000; Johns Hopkins, \$1,000,000; Princeton, \$3,500,000; Harvard, \$3,000,000.—*Ex.*

The chairs of the Edinburgh Medical faculty are each worth \$17,000 a year. The professorships at Glasgow in Greek, Latin and Mathematics are each worth about \$9,000 yearly. These figures suggest the propriety at least of increased salaries in American colleges.—*Mail and Express.*

A number of Yale students found themselves charged on their term bills for pieces of the old fence found in their rooms. The janitor had been ordered to search the rooms. The item has caused much indignation.

LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES, '91.

A figure somewhat tall, dark brown hair, a broad forehead, a mouth with a striking curve to the underlip, and eyes "clear gray, with a calm and steadfast gaze, indeed there is an almost appealing look in them,"—this is Harriet Martineau. Such a description fits in well with the staidness and womanly strength revealed to us each day by her silent marble presence. Her statue came to the College but four years ago, the gift of the sculptor, Miss Annie Whitney. Many a greeting Harriet Martineau received then, and many foretold the inspiration to noble and unselfish living that she would become to us.

"But why," visitors have often questioned since, "when her view of life differed so widely from that prevailing at Wellesley College, is Harriet Martineau thus honored there?"

Surely it is a sufficient answer to say that whatever may have separated her creed from that most honored in the College, no life could be a more perfect example than hers of our Wellesley motto: "*Non ministrari, sed ministrare.*" In her Autobiography she has written of the highest worship as "the service of the life." In that sentence she struck the key-note of her own existence.

Born in 1802, she was the daughter of a manufacturer in Norwich, where her childhood and part of her girlhood were passed. Early was there awakened within her an interest in the great movement of human life beyond the narrow confines of the sleepy old town. This interest, after passing through a transition period which resulted in a few vague writings on moral and religious subjects, finally took definite shape in her books on Political Economy. In bettering the condition of the poorer classes in England, in throwing the weight of her influence against slavery in America, in courageously denying what she believed to be but the tradition and not the truth of religion, the "service of her life" was spent.

She did her work in a definite, practical fashion. She was not an idealist, she was an exponent of the relations of tangible things. But in her own sphere she holds a high place. A true altruist, she brought the whole force of her clear logical mind into sympathy with the wrongs of others, not deploring them, but steadily working to right them. She wrote because she had something to say, something that burned in her heart and had been reasoned out in her brain. And she uttered her words in defence of right when they were not the popular words, when her best friends prophesied nothing but failure.

Alone, young, inexperienced, she went from publisher to publisher through the dreary December weather in London, trying in vain to bring her first book on Political Economy before the public. "The people want this book, and they shall have it," she said.

At last, when the book was published and had become popular, and Harriet Martineau might easily have become the idol of the day, she kept herself steadily to her old, studious, simple manner of living. In a plain house in Fludyer street, Westminster, she dwelt with her mother and aunt, "my old ladies," she called them. Here came Sidney Smith, Carlyle, Dr. Malinthus, Robert Owen, and a host of others.

"To all remonstrances about my own dignity," Harriet said, "my reply was that if my acquaintance cared for me, they would come and see me in a small house and a narrow street."

"I could not expose myself to the temptation to write in a money-getting spirit," she adds. And this faithfulness to her high idea of the work of life was always a vital principle with her.

She was never idle, and whether her attention was drawn to moral ideas, or poor laws, or American slavery, or Eastern travel, she invariably threw her entire energy into the subject. It may be interesting here to mention that she had a share in the founding of Oberlin College, writing letter after letter in its behalf after she returned from America.

Harriet Martineau was one of the very few English people who understood and sympathized with the struggle of our Civil War. Wherever she saw a wrong existing, she felt herself not a passive spectator, but one whose duty it was to uphold the unpopular right.

She felt that men of all races were allied to her by a close tie of brotherhood. This principle, growing stronger and stronger throughout her life, was early developed within her. It is seen in her candid and just treatment of the beliefs of different nations in her first published essays. She acknowledged and revered the essential faith underlying all variations of creed. In after years, when "Eastern Travel" had been written, and the long quiet years at Ambleside had begun, her conception of religion greatly changed. But no change of conception ever disturbed that "highest worship," the "service of the life."

Are her books less read to-day, and her views becoming superseded by others? It must be so from the nature of the subject—Political Economy—to which she gave her best work. And she had neither the abstract reasoning power of a philosopher nor the creative genius of a poet. But her life can never be out of fashion. It was a life of clear, unbiased observation, of candid, generous judgment, of unfaltering adherence to principle, of Catholic sympathies, a life full of patience and courage and cheerfulness. No one can help heartily thanking Arnold for his praise, which is no over-praise, of Harriet Martineau:

"Hail to the steadfast soul,
Which, unflinching and keen,
Wrought to erase from its depth
Mist and illusion and fear!
Hail to the spirit which dared
Trust its own thoughts, before yet
Echoed her back by the crowd!
Hail to the courage which gave
Voice to its creed, ere the creed
Won consecration from time!"

Easter Sonnet.

AMORETTI LXVIII.

Most glorious Lord of Life! that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win,
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin;
And grant that we, for whom thou didst die,
Being with thy dear blood cleansed wash from sin,
May live forever in felicity;
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same again,
And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertaine!
So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

—Edmund Spenser.

A Prayer.

F. A. W. '92.

Hushed be the note of song,
Stilled each thought of wrong,
O Death, thy chain is strong,—
Death feared and fought so long,
Victor o'er all.

O fair and lovely clay,
Death's bride thou art to-day;
Bright as a sunny ray,
Thou he has borne away
Up to the skies.

Lovely thine eyes so blue,
Faithful thy heart and true,
So swift thy hands to do
Kindnesses never few,
Fair maiden-clay.

Oh, she was charity,
All love and purity,
My heart's divinity,
My soul's eternity,
Heaven for aye!

Cold is the chamber dark,
Lo! there a golden spark
Sped from the mighty are,
Leaving its radiant mark,
Pierces the gloom.

Oh! let thy love and light
Shine on my darkened night,
Touch now my saddened sight,
Let me see thee aright,
O God, I pray!

Resurgam.

ANNA ROBERTSON BROWN, '83.

I.

From this frail tenement of clay,
That holds my soul, but not for aye,
I shall arise;
Yea, though the body, stark and cold,
Be rendered unto dust and mould,
Or yet the ocean's restless wave
Tear bone from bone in my last grave,
I shall arise!

No stone can bar the guarded tomb
Where Christ has room.
The winding-sheet, undraped and chill,
Will loose the pallid corpse and still
From swarthy sepulture.
The napkin, folded at the head,
And angels' shining stoles instead
Mock the sealed prison of the dead
They thought so sure!

II.

On earth we live in sunless cells;
Hearts' thoughts lie deep in quiet wells
Unpricked by light.
God's universe is nebulous
With flaming glory, but for us
There is but night
In which our spirits pant and grope
For larger life; our horoscope
Is far too straitened, and we hope
For wider range than this.
The blind worm coiled in chrysalis
Is not insensate all, ywis,
But wimpled in its close cocoon,
Feels strangely happy flutterings
Before it yet has wings.

III.

So to the soul's keen consciousness—
Although the funeral pyre is built
And ashes of the dead are spilt
On every land and lea—
There comes a subtle prescience
Of solemn things to be.
We search the utmost bounds of sense,
We dig the mine, we ply the sea,
And find earth quick with evidence
Of immortality.

IV.

Not in material shape, ah, no!
The stars sweep onward, but they go
To meet a swift decay.
The sun himself, as slow with years,
Will pause among the waning spheres,
And fade in gloom away.
But man's free spirit never dies
Each clamant instinct prophesies
The soul will rise.

V.

Not with this wailing Self, that cries
For happiness, and tries
To suckle still this vain, vague earth
That gave it birth,
But has for deeper needs a dearth
And starves its youngling wean:
Shall I arise.

VI.

Not with this proud, unspoken Pain,
That crawls about the heart, and chokes its breath
With a slow speechlessness more sad than death;
That laps all life in lakes of tears,
And makes the night
Not a short, slumber-filled delight,
But gaping darkness, whose chill murkiness
We pierce with wild, wide eyes that stare
To question if that anywhere
May peace be found:
Shall I arise.

VII.

Not with this timid, transient Joy
That like Paulinus' wet, wind-beaten bird
Of long ago,
Through one door flew, and through another went,
Wing-wagging, spent,
Just fluttered in from shadow and returned tonight,
But whence its coming none could know,
Nor yet its afterflight:
Shall I arise.

VIII.

Nay, in a most celestial guise
I shall arise!
When earth is shrivelled as a scroll,
The purified and deathless soul
Will compass cycling stars and sing
In such triumphant carolling
That quiring seraphs, mute and still,
Will hush their harps, and throb and thrill
With the unending song of praise,
The ransomed saints of God will raise
In Paradise!

IX.

Bloom sweet, O Easter lilies, bloom
In crosses on the tomb!
Ring out, glad chimes that shake the sky,
The resurrection draws nigh,
The grave has lost its gloom!
I meet all life with tearless eyes,
I greet all death with fearless eyes,
Because above the pain and woe,
Sin, sorrow, scorn and ill below
I know
I shall arise!

—Philadelphia Ledger and Transcript.

Easter, 1887.

DICK.

An Easter Story.

KATE E. WILSON, SPECIAL STUDENT.

Dick was not a good little boy. No careful mother would have chosen him as the playmate of her petted son, for Dick was only a street gamin. He had grown up in the streets of a great city, like a weed among rocks in a sterile soil, stunted and twisted in his physical and moral nature, not attractive to the eye and yet a part of the whole living creation. He was neither the best nor the worst of his class. Rough words and oaths were familiar to his ears and, like other human beings, he used the language that he heard. Rights of property was a problem which never troubled his brain, and he munched a stolen apple or cake without any pricks of conscience. He knew only that he must not get caught.

He earned a precarious living by doing any odd jobs which fell in his way and, in spite of his hard life, he was far from unhappy, for Dick was a merry-hearted boy and an unconscious philosopher. Not to be cold or hungry was his negative idea of happiness. He had his rude pleasures, too, in common with the other street-boys.

One pleasure he had which the other boys did not share. Strange as it may seem in a ragged child of the streets, he liked to linger before the florist's windows to feast his eyes upon the masses of delicate and brilliant flowers and to breathe the warm fragrance that came through the open door. Perhaps some far-away ancestor, in more favorable worldly surroundings, had left this love for the beautiful as the boy's only inheritance. His companions could not understand why he should prefer flowers to the more solid attractions in the baker's window. Dick, himself, did not understand it; he could not analyze his sensations.

Two or three times Dick had strayed into a mission-school, but he did not like it. The teacher, earnest and faithful as she was, failed to find the key to this restless urchin's heart.

It happened, one bright Easter-Sunday, that Dick, for lack of any definite occupation, was hovering in the vicinity of the mission church just as the teacher arrived. She was accompanied by a friend, a pretty society girl, in whom the holy associations of the day had roused a passing impulse to more active good. She brought an Easter offering, a large cluster of splendid white lilies. Dick followed her into the church. The pretty lady in her dainty costume and the regal flowers with their snowy whiteness held his attention so closely that his dark, eager face attracted the notice of more than one present. He had never sat so still as dur-

ing the brief talk which followed. He heard few of the words except that lilies were an emblem of purity and that some one had died for him. Dick knew nothing about purity, but something had touched a chord in his heart. The impression was too slight to affect his moral nature deeply. He was only a little wif, borne on by the relentless current of life. Perhaps he was a trifle less boisterous with his associates, a trifle less satisfied with his old ways of life, but the world saw no change in the ragged urchin who haunted the streets.

The year went by and another Easter dawned. Dick stood watching the carriages as they rolled up to the entrance of a grand stone church. A lady alighted, whom he recognized as the same pretty lady he had seen in the mission. It was surely the same, and she carried a cluster of Easter lilies in her hand. He drew near. As she stepped from the carriage, one stately stalk, heavy with its lily-bells, fell upon the muddy pavement beneath the wheels. Dick sprang to save it from being trodden in the filth of the street; the coachman started the horses; there was a cry of "Look out, there, boy!" from a passer-by; and in one brief moment a crushed and quivering body lay gasping out its life upon the hard pavement. But the lilies, the purest thing he knew, were held in the tightly-clasped hand with not a petal broken.

He was nothing but a rough, rude boy, but who shall say that the pure white lilies in the lifeless hand may not have opened to him the gates of a kinder and better world?

LOS ANGELES.

MAUDE B. FOSTER, '83-'85.

Should anyone ask me if the city of Los Angeles were worth a week's sojourn during a brief western trip, I would answer "yes," but would add: "Do not fancy that you can learn much of the old Spanish quarter, of Chinatown, or of the Missions hereabouts, in that short period, and then leave thinking you have seen the 'City of the Angels.' It takes weeks, even months, to study these places.

During the first few weeks here, I spent most of my time learning to appreciate the beautiful situation of the city, and nearly every morning I found myself on one of the many foot-hills. My outlook was magnificent. To my right, at a distance of twenty miles, lay the ocean, and the rugged Coast Ranges; to my left, far distant, I could see the sunny Sierras; back of me, in full grandeur, covered with snow, was Mt. San Antonio, known throughout this region as "Old Baldy," while in front of me was the harbor of San Pedro, the Catalina Islands, and the city itself, hemmed in by the loving foot-hills. I do not feel that I could say too much in admiration of these beautiful foot-hills. Since early in December they have been delightfully green, and now the grass, clover, mallow and "Filaree" are knee-deep upon them. This "Filaree" or Filaria is a most interesting little plant. It belongs to the geranium family, and the children call the seeds "clocks." Each bearded carpel has a spirally twisted tail. The child sticks the lower part of a carpel to his dress, and the number of times the tail revolves gives the hour of the day.

The shade trees most commonly used here are the pepper and eucalyptus, the former used more for decorative purposes, the latter, being of very rapid growth, for fuel. It is a native of Australia and reaches an enormous height. When young it grows from fifteen to twenty feet in a year.

The cypress is used entirely for hedges and is to be found all over the city, sometimes trained and trimmed to a painful degree. Mr. Hunne-well's gardens are repeated on every street in Los Angeles. But to attempt to tell you of the vegetation of this region would be impossible. Suffice it to say just here, that it is most luxuriant. The poorest homes have beautiful fan-palms in their yards, and hedges of the calla lily and rose trees, while geraniums are as common as weeds. A little beyond the city's centre are to be found immense vineyards, and there are a few fine orange orchards within its limits, although to find the orange in its perfection one must go to Riverside, Pasadena, and the various large ranches near here.

A California vineyard is a curious looking thing. At this season of the year the vines are rare, and one sees nothing but little knarled stocks. The vines are seldom, if ever, trained as in the east, but grow into veritable little trees looking, as one writer aptly puts it, like "Hindoo idols." An orange orchard cannot fail to disappoint an eastern visitor. A cloudless sky, warm sunshine, and rows and rows of orange trees laden with the luscious golden fruit, set off by the shining green leaves, but—alas! there is no soft grass beneath these beautiful trees, no place to throw one's self down, and look up at the "golden apples" and the blue sky—nothing underneath but the dusty soil. I prefer my eastern apple orchard, although the fruits be less golden, the leaves less shining.

And now to Sonora-town! In the heart of the city lies a little enclosed plot of ground, known as the Plaza. Opposite this is the church built in 1861, by "Los Fideles de este Parroquia a la Reina de los Angeles." The city's busy life seems not to touch the quiet of this little church and Plaza, nor of "Guadalupe," the old blind beggar, who is to be found, at all times, waiting alms at the church door. Below this square lies Sonora-town, with its narrow streets and adobe houses,—a remnant of the old Spanish-Mexican days. These adobe houses are usually one-storied, and their white-washed walls, queer little windows, and low verandas are so different from all else we see that they at once attract attention. Here we find the tonale-man, another interesting feature of Mexican life. The tonale consists of cornmeal mixed with chicken or some other meat, olives, an abundance of "chile" (red pepper) and numerous other ingredients, all wrapped in a cornhusk tied at the ends and steamed. It is always eaten hot, and I am inclined to think that one must have some true Mexican blood in his veins to relish this concoction. Perhaps, too, through one of the little narrow windows, one may see a dark-eyed Senorita, with her shawl on her head; these women always wear shawls.

One afternoon we spent at the old Spanish burying-ground, which lies beyond Sonora-town. It is a beautiful spot and is interesting because of its many Spanish graves and their inscriptions. We found such names as "Ramon Moreno," "Ramon Figueroa," "Ignatia Pico," "Carmelite," "Ysidora," and many a "Ramona." On our way home we passed through Sonora-town, and stopped before a 'dobe where an old Sonora was sitting. We spoke to her, in very poor Spanish, and she invited us to sit down. We were only too glad to accept her offer, for we knew that here we could learn something of the early days. Her dress was very neat and she wore beautiful gold ear-rings, the kind we find in the Mexican filagree-shops. Her face was refined, but her hands told best the story of an easy life. In her work-basket she had some sewing, and then, in another little basket, some tobacco and a package of cigarette-papers! A few months ago the appearance of such things in a woman's work-basket would have shocked us, but we had found out, very soon after we came here, that all the Mexican women smoke. We asked her for a cigarette, assuring her that we did not smoke, but wanted to see how she made them. In an instant she had rolled some tobacco in a slip of the paper and handed us a cigarette. She then invited us into her house and showed us into her bed-room. And such a room! The walls were hung with immense chromos of the Madonna and Saints,—St. Francis being chief among the latter. She seemed to hold her pictures in the utmost reverence and told us that a few of the smaller ones were from Mexico. She was greatly pleased when we recognized among them San Antonio. We tried to make her understand our many questions, but she would only laugh and murmur something which sounded like "Me no comprendo. Me no comprendo." We learned, however, that she was the wife of Senor Guadalupe Gonzales, and we left promising to call again.

The finest adobe that I have seen in Los Angeles, is the old home of Don Antonio Coronel. About a month ago we spent one afternoon rambling through its vacant rooms, for the Coronels are now living in a new home close by. There is a marked contrast between these houses,—a contrast which is only too apparent in the city's life, as we now find it, and as it was thirty or forty years ago. The old adobe is so interesting, although there is no attempt at architectural affect, just the typical, old Spanish home:—Eleven rooms, all on one floor, eight outside doors, walls about three feet thick, and window seats of a luxurious width; a veranda facing the south, and at either end of it a stately Century plant—the whole surrounded by a garden with roses, olive-trees and cactus. The new house is very large and many-storied, lacking all that made the old one so delightful. No wonder Sonora Coronel said: "Ah! I hate progression, because we had to part with our dear old home." It was here that Mrs. Jackson visited when she was studying the Indian problem and planning "Ramona."

Many of the houses are giving place to business-blocks and soon they will be a thing of the past. The old Missions are teeming with interest. The oldest is a little north of San Diego, and is sadly in ruins, though part of the building, the olive orchard and old palms still remain. The paintings, images, altar-ornaments, tiles, and part of the walls have been transferred from the original site, and have become a portion of the church in old San Diego. The Mission of San Luis Rey is north of this Mission, and beautiful San Juan Capistrano is sixty miles south of Los Angeles.

This Mission was founded in 1776, by the Franciscans, and laid in ruins by an earthquake in 1812. I shall never forget the day I spent there:—It was noon when the conductor called "Capistrano," and we got out at the Mission. Here, nestling at the base of the foot-hills lay the ruin, with its beautiful arches, massive walls and dome; the altar with its imageless niches and few remaining frescoes; the red-tiled roofs; the fine old bells dating back to 1726; the priest's house with its sunny veranda and wild roses, and the garden where they had the bull-fights. Surely all this were worth an overland journey! That I may better tell you what impression the scene made upon me let me quote the following from Mrs. Jackson: "The peace, silence and beauty of the little hamlet of San Juan are banded over and dominated by the grand gray ruin, lifting the whole scene into ineffable harmony."

Wandering in room after room, court after court, through corridors with red-tiled roofs, and hundreds of broad Roman arches, over fallen pillars and through carved doorways, whose untrodden thresholds have sunk out of sight in summer grasses, one asks himself if he "be indeed in America?"

San Gabriel Mission is about nine miles from the city and services are held there every Sabbath. It is well preserved though not so beautiful as the ruin of San Juan. But I must leave the other Missions—and chief of all Santa Barbara, until another time, likewise Chinatown, which is a curiosity-shop in itself and quite devoid of all that poetry and song so characteristic of the Missions.

CHILDREN IN SHAKESPEARE.

M. LUCY CHILD, '89.

Child-characters are not at all numerous in the plays of Shakespeare. He never introduces them, except where there is very good reason, if not absolute necessity, for his doing so; and, even then, he seldom gives us more than brief glimpses of the children, except in the historical plays, where the facts of history determine their number and importance. This may be due to difficulties of stage representation, or to a feeling, on the part of the poet, that children should not be needlessly exposed to the dangers of an actor's life. That it was not caused by any failure of his to understand or appreciate child-life, every allusion he has ever made to childhood bears witness.

To begin with the smallest, Shakespeare's babies are model children, being always "seen but not heard." Edward V and Elizabeth serve only to call forth prophetic speeches from those about them. Perdita is taken up and put down, like the doll which doubtless represented her, through two long scenes; but she never cries or struggles. The son of the Empress and the Moor in "Titus Andronicus" is less passive, for his father says:

"Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say 'Old lad, I am thy own!'"

Next to these ranks the young son of Coriolanus, Marcus, noticeable for the resemblance of his childish sports to the bloody war in which his father delights, and for the perfect childishness of his one speech. Coming on the stage with his mother and grandmother, he plays his part in dumb show for a while; but when they assure Coriolanus that he will tread on them in entering Rome, he bursts out:

"A' shall not tread on me,
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight."

In "Merry Wives of Windsor" there are two children, William Page, who recites a short Latin lesson in answer to his master's questions, and Robin who, alone of all the youthful servants Shakespeare has portrayed, shows himself a child as well as a page. In response to his mistress's question, "Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?" he says: "I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf."

Young Lucius, in "Titus Andronicus," is a transition character. He shows childish fear of his injured aunt, as long as he cannot understand her motives; but youthful valor, in his eagerness to take vengeance on her ravishers, when he once comprehends the situation.

In "Winter's Tale" Shakespeare has drawn somewhat in detail the picture of a delicate imaginative boy, first, happy in his home, his father's pride and companion, his mother's playmate, telling her so softly "You'd crickets shall not hear it" his tale "Of sprites and goblins," how "There was a man—dwelt by a churchyard;" then, when his father's jealousy wrecked all, sinking under the burden of anxious thoughts—"thoughts high for one so tender"—until "with mere conceit and fear of the queen's speed" he dies, the victim of the strong imagination which had added so much to his happiness under other circumstances.

Macduff's little son plays his part in but one brief scene, yet we could ill spare him from among Shakespeare's children, for it is only in this one case that he has chosen to show us a child that has been free to develop naturally, and in whose character no one element is predominant. He is at once witty, light-hearted, brave and unselfish. There is something wonderfully winning in the light-hearted wit shown in conversation with his mother. His eager defence of his accused father, and his care for his mother's safety, while he himself is dying, command our warmest sympathies.

In comparison with him "Petty Rutland" suffers greatly. Yet Rutland is childlike too; but he, poor child, cannot answer "Thou liest" to Clifford's bitter accusations of his father. Moreover, his death must be so arranged as to plainly show the unwomanly heartlessness of Queen Margaret, and justify beforehand, as far as human vengeance can be justified, the cruelty that kills her darling son before her eyes. This is perfectly accomplished by the earnestness and humility with which Rutland pleads for the innocent defenceless life, so dear to him, even when stripped of all its joys, making no attempt to defend his friends,—who, indeed, are in no such present danger as he is,—but saying:

"Be thou revenged on men, but let me live."

As he falls under Clifford's blow, we feel that no punishment is too bad for his cruel murderers.

Prince Arthur in "King John" resembles Rutland somewhat in his gentleness and love of life; but more strikingly in the extreme fear of anger, shown when he says:

"My eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men."

Under similar circumstances Rutland has said:

"Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look."

In Richard III the children are more numerous and important than in any other play. There are four of them, and all have been distinctly, though quite fully, drawn. Born amid the dangers of court intrigue and civil war, they have lost their childish faith that "things will all come out right some-way," gaining, instead, a little more skill in righting them, lost the shelter of the nursery, and gained freedom from its rules; and thus poorly equipped are matched against the wicked uncle, under whose power they are doomed to fall at last.

If we counted every allusion to the two children of Clarence, from the "Secret close intent," with which Richard marries Lady Anne, to the Duchess' reproach to her son for his conduct to little Ned Plantagenet, we could find but thirty or forty lines, yet how clearly we see them! How distinct they are!

The boy, called simple by his uncle, is an unsuspecting loyal little soul, whose truthfulness must seem foolish indeed to such a man as Richard. Of all the children he has been least influenced by the atmosphere of intrigue and treachery in which he has lived. He is completely deceived by the apparent kindness of his crafty uncle, and having once trusted he cannot easily withdraw his faith, though his grandmother does her best to convince him of Richard's hypocrisy.

To a careless reader the girl might easily seem to be merely an echo of her brother. She does echo the speeches in which he calls down vengeance on the king and queen for the murder of their father; but, after this, the difference between them shows itself plainly. While her brother praises and defends his uncle of Gloucester, she is silent; and when he says to the queen:

"Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death;
How can we weep you with our kindred tears?"

she says:

"Our fatherless distress was left unknown'd;
Your widow-dolor liveth as we have not."

showing that while her brother feels resentment she has determined on all the revenge her childish power can compass. Like a child, she hardly realizes how very little that must be.

In his estimate of Richard of York, the younger of the little princes, Gloucester is again mistaken. He says:

"O, 'tis a perilous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe."

In reality he is as like his uncle as an innocent child can be to a blood-stained tyrant; and it seems almost impossible at first, and then quite natural, that Richard should fail to perceive this likeness.

He has wit like his uncle's, and he uses it as his uncle would, to taunt and scorn in the most cutting manner those opposed to him. The speech

"Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth;
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest."

is worthy of Gloucester, and might in similar circumstances have fallen from his lips; and this speech fairly represents York's speeches to his uncle.

He resembles his uncle in the rashness of his courage and in the fear of shadows, which was characteristic of Gloucester, a fear which would be only natural in a timid child, but is worthy of notice in bold little York. His courage touches its highest point in the following speech, made, we must remember, to the uncle he understands and fears, and skillfully gulling the sorest spot in Richard's nature:

"You mean to hear me, not to bear with me;
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should hear me on your shoulders."

It falls to its lowest in the same scene, when terrified at the thought of meeting the ghost of his murdered uncle, he exclaims,

"I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower."

Richard of York, however, is no embryo Richard III. It is only in his words, never in his acts, that we can trace a strong resemblance to his uncle. Gloucester's treachery to friend and foe is blackest when contrasted with the open loyalty of this child so like him in other respects.

With the little king even Richard III can find no fault. He is reduced to sneering.

"So wise so young, they say, do never live long."

This child has been rapidly developed by danger, anxiety, and the weight of responsibility, which his father leaves to him, but it is into a very manly boy, not a little man.

It is natural to compare this little king with Prince Arthur, deprived, like him, of throne and life by an ambitious uncle. The circumstances in the two plays are very similar. The children, alike in some respects, differ widely in others.

Both princes are gentle, loving, and free from all selfish ambition; but they possess these qualities in different degrees. While Edward shows warm and true affection for his family, Arthur lavishes a wealth of love on his very jailor. Edward regrets his father's early and inopportune death in the speech,

"Too late he died that might have kept that title
Which by his death hath lost much majesty."

Arthur is ready to renounce his just claim to the throne even while his hopes are brightest, saying:

"Good, my mother, peace!
I would that I were laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me."

In all that relates to the English kingdom, the children differ widely. Arthur never makes one plan for the kingdom that is rightly his. It is as if he felt the shadow of his approaching fate, and instinctively adapted himself to the heavenly kingdom he was so soon to see, not to the earthly one never to be his. Yet he does not fail in love for England; nor is he, save in years, unfit to be her king. When the death, of which he has shown all a child's fear while it only threatened, comes and is met with gentle bravery, she has his last thought, his last words.

"Heaven take my soul and England keep my bones!"

he says. Even in death he seems "Too precious-princely for a grave." Arthur's own words form an excellent key to his position and character. He calls himself

"As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as my life is."

Edward accepts in good faith all the homage offered him, and though powerless in reality and aware of his danger, seems not to perceive his doom. He embodies much that England has long hoped for in her king, and is fitted, not for the death to which he is doomed, but for the island-throne which is rightly his. In the defence of his maternal uncles he shows, not alone love of justice and loyalty to his friends, but keen insight into character and confidence in his own judgment. Had he been merely a willful inexperienced child, he would have omitted the first clause in the speech:

"God keep me from false friends! but they were none."

Had he distrusted his own judgment, he would have modified the second. He shows courage of a high order in his conversation with his uncle. Perceiving from the first, that it is dangerous to offend or seem to fear the tyrant, he braves the danger for the sake of his friends, but is careful to avoid it as far as he honorably may, till just at the last, when he is thrown off his guard by his brother's exclamation of fear. He betrays his own better founded dread in the speech

"I fear no uncle dead."

but, as Richard responds,

"Nor none that live, I hope"

he sees his mistake and with promptness and self-possession, such as many a man might envy, endeavors to repair it by a veiled allusion to his imprisoned relation,

"And if they live, I hope I need not fear"

which is well fitted to distract the attention and calm the suspicions of his uncle. His love of learning, though unusual in one so young, would be especially pleasing both to the people of his own time and to an Elizabethan audience. When he says

"And if I live until I be a man,
I'll win one ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a King,"

he is voicing one of England's dearest hopes.

In fidelity to nature I see little difference between the two characters. Arthur is more like ordinary children, and this difference may result from the fact that King John is a later play than Richard III; but he is not therefore more natural.

Indeed all Shakespeare's children seem to me perfectly natural. Widely as some of them differ from the children of to-day, the difference corresponds most perfectly to the difference in environment. For the little princes it would be hard to find modern counterparts, because children no longer lead a life like theirs; but their right to be in the plays rests on this life. They are no less natural, because they have been influenced by circumstance and, were modern childhood less sheltered, we should never think of calling them so.

YO RO NO TAKI.

The Cataract of Nourishing the Aged.

KIN KATO.

In the third year of Reiki, September, 717 A. D., there was a report made to the Imperial Court of Japan from the governor of the province of Mino. It is recorded thus: "A mysterious fountain sprang up in our province among Tado Mountains. Having several times investigated the matter, we have arrived at a satisfactory result.

At the foot of Mt. Tado, in the County of Otaki, there lives in a little cottage a poor wood-cutter named Kosaji, whose dutifulness and obedience to his aged father are most praiseworthy. He is determined to live single, so that he can himself nurse his father, as a son ought to do.

The old man is so fond of amasake,* and his appetite for it is so strong that he suffers as from hunger when he cannot obtain it; he subsists on it. Kosaji, being poor, finds great difficulty in providing his father with amasake. So contenting himself with the coarsest food, he buys amasake with all the money he gets.

Every day in good or bad weather he goes to the mountains to cut wood or pick up the dead wood in the forest. Sometimes the sun is burning, sometimes the snow chills his feet, or the rain wets him to the skin. He never fails to go. Even then he cannot get enough of amasake to satisfy his father's craving.

One day he entered deep into the woods to gather some fagots. Feeling exhausted, he laid himself on a rock and soon fell into a sound sleep. Suddenly he was awakened by a sweet odor. With great surprise and curiosity he followed in the direction whence the fragrance seemed to come, and lo! there appeared a beautiful silvery water fall where no trace of one had been before, and evidently the delightful odor came from it; so he bent down, scooped some water in his hand and drank, and the taste of the water was that of amasake.

Struck with wonder, he fell on his knees and, thanking Heaven, he poured the water into the gourd which he usually filled with the amasake bought at the village store, and hurried back to his home.

Finding his father anticipating his son's return, Kosaji offered the water, saying: "Take this, father, and see how it tastes." The old man, smacking his lips, said: "My son, where did you get such good amasake? It exceeds in quality any I ever tasted. How came you to have such good luck that you have brought a gourd full?"

"Father," said the dutiful son with great joy, "I am happy to hear

that you are satisfied. This amasake was given to you from Heaven." Then he proceeded to tell all that had happened.

Since that day he nourished his father with the water, and so was able to get some new clothes and make him warm and comfortable.

The villagers, having heard about this miraculous water-fall, crowded to the place to get some, but to their disappointment they could perceive not even the odor. To the dutiful Kosaji alone was it amasake.

Now we report this to your Majesty, as it is most wonderful, and we believe that it is the work of the gods, who were pleased with Kosaji's dutifulness to his father, and pitying him for his hard labor, must mean to lessen Kosaji's task."

His Imperial Majesty Genshuteimo, the 44th Emperor, being very much pleased with the report, rewarded the Governor of Mino province, saying: "By filial devotion one can move the compassion of Heaven. A dutiful son found a golden kettle under ground at a time when he was in despair; and a dutiful daughter caught two beautiful carp from the thickly frozen pond for her dying mother, in answer to her earnest prayer. Now this Kosaji found an amasake cataract by his faithfulness. As he belongs to thy province, I reward thee."

The Emperor then visited the cataract with his retinue, and summoned Kosaji to his presence, and ordered him to get some water by his own hand, which command he hastened to obey. He soon returned with a bucketful of water; the Emperor drank some, and found it to be most delicious amasake; then gave some to his attendants, who praised it with amazement.

The Emperor ordered that this cataract should be named "Yorono-taki," in memory of Kosaji. The name means "Nourishing the Aged," and until this day the fountain retains the name. Kosaji was highly rewarded with an estate and gold.

After the Emperor's return to the capital, he caused the name of the year Reiki changed to Yoro. It is the custom that every Emperor should change the name of the year when he ascends the throne, thus denoting how long such emperor rules from such to such a year; also sometimes the name of the year was changed by some remarkable event. This Yoro is one of them. The present year of Japan is the twenty-first year of Meiji, denoting the twenty-first year's reign of the present emperor, Mutsu hito-Shinno.

Who can love God and be faithful to Him, who does not love his parents? who can be kind to others, who does not love his parents? who can be a patriot and faithful to his country, who does not love his parents? Remember that *filial love* is the source of all other virtues.

*Amasake is an intoxicating sweet drink.

THE ANCIENT WORLD AND CHRISTIANITY.*

LOUISE MCCOY NORTH, '79.

The homage of the wise brings constant tribute to the feet of Jesus. The magi in Bethlehem's lowly khan were but the vanguard of that marvelous procession which comes up through the ages to offer learning's devotion to the Incarnate Truth. The researches of scholarship disclose more and more clearly the impregnable foundations of Christianity. Especially in this era, wherein the student is more than ever before cosmopolitan, having easy intercourse with all centuries and all nations, does his glance, undimmed by the low-lying mists of bigotry and ignorance, sweep the vast horizon of history beneath the light of the Eternal Sun, while his heart, stirred with the mighty vision, cries out like the reluctant prophet on Pisgah, "What hath God wrought!"

To the many volumes of Christian evidences gathered from prophecy and history, from reason and the human need, the latest work of Dr. Pressensé is a most valuable addition. Its testimony will gratify the believer, though it may not silence the scorner. The author, like the householder of the parable, has brought forth "out of his treasure things new and old" to furnish a comprehensive philosophy of religious development. The volume consists of a survey of the religions of the ancient world, from the "first gropings after the supernatural" among the primeval races, to the "sighing of humanity," sated but unsatisfied, amid the dying splendors of the complete civilization of Greece and Rome. But the purpose of the record is not to aid the mere antiquarian nor to stimulate the ethnologist; the *raison d'être* of the volume is altogether apologetic. History, in the author's definition, consists of the conflict between good and evil, made necessary by the fallen state of man and the divine resolve for his restoration. Its motto, therefore, is, "Not chance nor fatality, but redemption." "All history before the coming of Christ has but this one end in view—to prepare the way before him by a series of dispensations, all designed to overcome the opposition of humanity." The inevitable free-will of man, often frustrating this preparative work, involves the tragedies of history, but their terror is soothed by the patient love of God and the sympathy of the Crucified, from whose deep wounds flow streams of immortal life. To make straight in the desert of man's sinfulness the highway for the Redeemer, there must be first the arousing of the soul's desire for his coming. The "hungering and thirsting after righteousness" must urge the soul to find the "Bread of Life."

"This is the true keynote of the philosophy of history. To seek after this unknown God through all the gloom of the pagan night, [only] illumined by a few immortal truths, shining like stars of hope; to renew the search again and again, urged on by the restless yearning after the divine which man can never quell; to recognize after each fresh attempt his powerlessness to solve his own difficulties and satisfy his own aspirations—this is the divine work of preparation going on in the pagan world. Thus that world learns by bitter experience the same truths which are taught by revelation in Judea. The whole history of the ancient heathen world is nothing else than this long wandering of the human soul in search of the still unknown God, the coming Deliverer."

With this introduction we are led to consider the ancient East as the starting-point of the religious evolution, and to behold the three daughters of the Orient—Chaldea, trembling before demons whom her magic arts seek in vain to exorcise, and crying out to the "god unknown" to save and satisfy; Egypt, serene and self-sufficient, looking with calm brow and stolid spirit into the infinite future; Phœnicia, alert, practical, with earthward gaze, too eager to give the world's merchandise and the world's thought their means of commerce, to hew out from the "heavy and formless" masses of her religion a worthy temple of the spirit. The religious development of the Oriental Aryans, including that of the followers of Zoroaster, is next described, preceding an elaborate treatise on India's triad, Vedism, Brahmanism and Buddhism, with the omission, however, of the later expansion of Brahmanism, subsequent to Buddhism's expulsion from its native land. The forms of Hellenic paganism then pass in review, and the language here reaches a brilliancy and beauty which betrays that these chapters have been written "*con amore*." The discussion of the religious evolution of Greece reaches the following climax:

"The constant temptation of Greece was to forget, in the charmed contemplation of her own genius and beauty, the grand intuitions of conscience which had raised her so high in the scale of religion. We must carefully bear these antitheses in mind in the idea we form of her. She was neither wholly given up to graceful frivolity, as she is often represented, nor was she wholly absorbed in the divine ideal. She wavered between the two extremes. This enchantress, supposed to be ever gazing with serene eye at the beautiful, heard, nevertheless, the hymn of the avenging Furies, trembled before the majesty of an offended God, and sought with burning eagerness atonement and reconciliation. . . . The son of Zeus is freed from his torture only on the funeral pyre, and so it will be also with the religion of the Hellenes. It must die in its turn, that it may rise into the free life of the spirit; but it will not die till it has sent forth a new and brilliant light into the darkness in which pagan humanity is groping after the true God."

This light was enkindled by those great prophets of the human conscience, the philosophers of Greece, who held high the torch whereby they were unconsciously guiding men to the Redeemer. A fine summary of Greek philosophy follows, while the remainder of the volume is occupied with Græco-Roman paganism and the condition of the world at the coming of Christ. The relation of Judaism to the great subject is reserved by the author for another volume, which Christian scholars will eagerly welcome.

The grace of mind which characterizes Dr. Pressensé gives his work a fair and beautiful form, while his grace of soul breathes into it an intense devotion which thrills the reader with enthusiasm and delight. The style is lucid and brilliant—less massive than that of German writers on similar themes; the spirit just, sincere, and deeply loyal to the Saviour of men.

What, then, are the conclusions of this elaborate argument? Above all, that the world, seeking the Unknown God with a longing that reached to agony, has found the way of peace in the path to the cross of Jesus.

Concluded on last page.

*The Ancient World and Christianity. By E. de Pressensé, D. D. Translated by Annie Harwood Hobden. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

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Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodloe, Room 18, Wellesley College.

The Wide, Wide World.

April 13.—No news received from the passengers of the lost steamer Dan-
mark. Election of Lady Sandhurst to London County Council de-
clared void. Canadian Senate, by vote of 35 to 11, reject reciprocity
of trade with any nation upon conditions that would restrain the Do-
minion in protecting its own industries.

April 14.—Incorporation of the Atlantic Postal Telegraph and Cable Com-
pany whose lines are to extend through the United States, the Domi-
nion of Canada, and British Columbia. Great suffering on the Isthmus
of Panama.

April 15.—Famine in Southern Korea. Boulanger takes a house in Brus-
sels. 2000 Oklahoma settlers encamped near Kansas City. Strike of
coal handlers at Cleveland, O. Largest gas well ever found discovered
near Pittsburg, Pa.

April 16.—The Company draws the first prize in the lottery of the Panama
Canal Co. J. A. Bright elected to succeed his father, the late John
Bright. New England Methodist Conference adopts resolution in
favor of keeping the public schools non-sectarian.

April 17.—6,000 emigrants leave Liverpool for this continent. Mr. Par-
nell claims £100,000 damages from the London Times.

April 18.—The Austrian Empress said to be insane. 1230 emigrants
leave Queenstown for America. Freedom of Edinburgh City con-
ferred on Parnell.

April 19.—Famine in Hungary. Practical collapse of the Iron and Steel
Manufacturers' Association. A fishery complication with Mexico.
Trouble among western railroads owing to unequal distribution of
freight traffic.

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

It does not take more than two or three to form an impenetrable
phalanx on our board walk. We call such action *highway* robbery, and
petition for a plank of politeness leading to the College platform.

What has a young man given a Wellesley student and yet kept
himself? Measles.

A citizen of our town asks and answers the following question:
Why does a retired prize fighter make a good preacher?
Because he is an *ex-pounder*.

Miss J. passing the crackers to Miss C. observes a nail in the plate.
"I thought these were crackers," remarked Miss J. "And so they are,"
answered Miss C., "but with a little *hard-tack* too."

LENT.

I have a very solemn vow—
On keeping it, I'm bent;
To all my invitations now
I simply say: "It's Lent."
I have a book; it's called a "trot,"
For usefulness it's meant,
But classmates, coming, find it not;
I always say: "It's Lent."

—Brunonian.

Faculty No. 1: My residence is on Belair Avenue.
Faculty No. 2: Ah! Indeed! Just how many residences are there
on Belair Avenue?
Faculty No. 1: Well, four.
Faculty No. 2: When you tell the naked truth, Miss B., you reveal
the Avenudity of your surroundings.

Student (not very clear as to his lesson): That's what the author
says, anyway.

Professor: I don't want the author; I want you.

Student (despairingly): Well, you've got me.—Beacon.

History recitation:

Professor: What was the intellectual effect of the Crusades upon the
participants?

Student: Their intellects were broadened and pointed.

Professor: If your statement is true, Miss M., how can the process I
have suggested be true also?

Miss M.: Oh! Miss K. If only you will contemplate it long enough,
I'm sure you will see that it is so.

A member of the Senior class visiting the Boston post office was shown
the following superscriptions of letters: Hon. James Garfield, 142 Gold
St., Heaven. Care of St. Peter. Also: God of Heaven, Eternal City.

Of course these letters were sent at once to Boston, where they will
probably remain, as no other place nearer the desired destination can be
found.

Instructor: What is the Holy See?

Student: Holy See! H'm. A branch of the Adriatic, I believe,
opening into the Mediterranean Sea. Oh! No! I remember! Situated in
the Vatican. I knew it was somewhere in that vicinity.

Senior: I am so sorry we are not to study Job in our Bible class this
year.

Sophomore: Why! You did study it in your Freshman year.

Senior: I think you mistake.

Sophomore: No indeed! I remember perfectly the lesson about
Job and the whale.

Our Outlook.

THE WOMEN'S ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

We give the following extracts from the recent report of the recording secretary, Mrs.
Anita Newcomb McGee.

"On June 8, 1885, ten intellectual women of Washington met to form
a scientific society. The idea was a novel one and hazardous, in that only
one of the participants had ever done scientific work, to wit, Mrs. Tilly
E. Stevenson. In her mind the plan of a woman's anthropological society
was conceived; and to her energy, ability and fostering care are due its
birth and larger growth.

At the time of organization the objects of the society were stated to
be, 'first, to open to women new fields for systematic investigation; sec-
ond, to invite their co-operation in the development of the science of an-
thropology.' The present constitution declares that 'the object of this so-
ciety shall be to promote anthropology by encouraging its study and facili-
tating the interchange of thought among those interested in anthropologic
research, and by arranging and preserving systematically all information
relating to it, and also by holding regular meetings for its discussion."

It is often asked why there should be two anthropological societies in
Washington. Speaking for ourselves, we have no desire to perpetuate a
distinction of sex in science; and were we all professional scientists or
possessed of education fitting us to enter the race for intellectual attain-
ment without handicap, we doubt whether a second society would ever
have been formed. Under existing conditions, however, we are satisfied
to work out our own problems in anticipation of the time when science
shall regard only the work, not the worker.

The society has managed its business, held its regular meetings and
listened to the papers of its members, for nearly four years, and in spite of
prophecies to the contrary, has slowly but steadily grown,—all without a
single unfriendly disagreement or any presage of dissolution."

"In reviewing the work of the society, it is noticeable that the major-
ity of the papers represent the results of personal observation on the part
of their authors. They are real contributions to knowledge, generally
much condensed from abundant material collected on some given subject.
It results from this custom that no discussion has ever been given to the
origin, antiquity, or primitive condition of man, and no studies have
been made in race-classification or in philology.

A large number of papers are ethnographic in character, as were the
two presidential addresses of Mrs. Stevenson, "The Religious Life of the
Zuni Child," delivered in 1886, and published in the "Fifth Annual Re-
port of the Bureau of Ethnology," and "The Thirteen Medicine Orders of
the Zuni," delivered in 1889, and printed in abstract in *Science*. Four
other papers presented by Mrs. Stevenson either have appeared or are to
appear among the publications of the Bureau of Ethnology. Some of
these papers were illustrated by original drawings. Of similar character
are the four papers from Miss Alice C. Fletcher, an original member of the
society, who needs no introduction to the students of anthropology here or
abroad. The first of these, "Omaha Child-Life," appeared in part in the
Journal of American Folk-Lore. The second, entitled "The Super-
natural among the Omaha Tribe of Indians," was afterwards published in
Vol. 1, No. 3, of the "Proceedings of the American Society of Psychical
Research." The third paper was on "Winter Life among the Winnebago
Indians," and the fourth on "The Heathuska Society of the Omaha and
Ponka Indians and Indian Music." The last is now in press as a publica-
tion of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology. Commendation
of the original and important work of Mrs. Stevenson and Miss Fletcher
would be quite superfluous.

"The division of technology is represented by several papers, three of
them being especially noteworthy and interesting, under the title "Habi-
tations of Man." Mrs. Hannah L. Bartlett summarized her researches con-
cerning the dwellings of a large number of civilized people. An account
of house-building in Alaska came from Mrs. Ella F. Thomas, as one re-
sult of a two-years' stay in that land. To these Mrs. Carter added some
facts concerning the habitations of the Hawaiians. Mrs. Matilda G. Ban-
croft of San Francisco acknowledged her membership in our society by
sending a paper on "Ceramic Art of the Pacific coast," and Mrs. Mary E.
Brown of New York, a corresponding member, read what has since ap-
peared as the chapter on "Chinese Music," in her book entitled "Musical
Instruments and their Homes" (New York, 1888). Another interesting
and important contribution, from Mrs. Scofield, is on "Petroleum and
Natural Gas and their Relations to Man."

In the division of sociology appears a recent account of the evolution
of a community. In this Mrs. McGee followed the development of a reli-
gious body from its origin in Germany through various stages to its present
state as the most successful communistic organization in America. Two
years ago the study of folk-lore was commended by Miss Ellen Wier Cath-
cart, and Mrs. Mary Olmsted Clarke gave some negro song games which
had not been discovered by either Mr. W. H. Babcock or Professor H. C.
Bolton.

Last, but not least, must be mentioned the papers in somatology, some
of which have also touched on psychology. Mrs. Clara Bliss Hincks, M.
D., has long made a special study of anthropometry, and has urged upon
our members the value of proper measurements and records in her paper
already noted on "Child-Growth" and in "How to Study Children." Mrs.
Mary E. James presented an able *resume* of studies made in the asylums
of Brooklyn, N. Y., in her communication on "Food in its Relations to
Child-Growth." Under the title "Comparative Human Growth," Mrs.
Emma Hammond Ward set forth some important but little known physi-
ologic laws and their mental and moral bearing upon the race."

"The purpose of this report will have been served if some conception
has been given to this new work undertaken by women, and of the pro-
gress already made upon it. Mistakes have been made in the manage-
ment and work of the society. We do not claim perfection in any particu-
lar, but we do believe our organization to be the minute seed from which a
great forest will spring.

There are hundreds of societies in which knowledge is cultivated and
fostered for its own sake, and in which many grand and useful conceptions
find birth; there are in the United States several scientific societies devoted
wholly to anthropology; but among all of these the first to be organized
and maintained by women alone is the Women's Anthropological Society
of America."

The Ancient World and Christianity.

Concluded from third page.

Verily, "God hath not left himself without a witness." The Divine Spirit
was ever brooding upon the troubled waters of pagan humanity, bringing
from the chaos of sin the creation of a new world wherein dwelleth right-
eousness. After following the sad course of the depraved sons of men, in
their varied search for the satisfying of the enthralled and famishing soul,
and its release from bondage, the closing words of this inspiring volume
sound to us like the psalm of an eternal triumph:

"The Deliverer has come!" "He has come to obey, to love, to die,
and by dying to save. Whether men will have it so or no, the cross of
Christ divides two worlds, and forms the great landmark of history. It
interprets all the past, it embraces all the future; and, however fierce the
conflict wages around it, it still is, and shall be through all the ages, the
symbol of victory."

Dr. Pressensé is not of the company of those "clumsy defenders of
Christianity" who would glorify the Gospel by vilifying human nature.
He believes that the soul of the pagan bears not alone the residue of in-
spired tradition, but also the "indivisible characters" which have been
graven by the hand of God, and that this "natural revelation was quickened
and made effectual by his direct operation." The author, therefore, neither
rejects nor succumbs to the influence of the pre-Christian religions, believ-
ing them to be neither arbitrary nor accidental in their sequence, but the
natural expression of the soul as it seeks the way back through devious
paths to its divine home. Moreover, "this unquenchable desire of the
soul of man to rise to its source goes far to prove that divine," and the soul
itself not a mere aggregate of atoms wrought upon by a purely mechanical
evolution. Nor, on the other hand, is Christianity simply the consumma-
tion of the religions of the past; the confluence of such streams could not
produce the River of Life. The new religion was not the evolution of
man's thought, but the gift of God; not a system, but a fact; not an ideal,
but a life, and that life given for the redemption of the race.

As a minor though not unimportant subject for thought, the power of
environment in molding character is suggested. The influence of nature
upon the art, the literature, and pre-eminently the religion of the various
races comes frequently to the surface, and tempts a deeper search for more
abundant and conclusive testimony.

In the presence of a work of such amplitude, criticism upon minute
inaccuracies seems flippant and inappropriate. An author with so massive
a theme, undertaken with so pure and superior a purpose, may be granted
tacit pardon for a rare and trifling inconsistency, provided he accomplish
that purpose in so learned and inspiring a volume as the one before us.
The very nature and breadth of the subject renders its treatment liable to
generalizations too sweeping; we find ourselves missing that for which we
had fondly but perchance unreasonably hoped, namely, definite argument
with positive conclusions. The author seems to share with us this feeling
when he says: "The desire was indeed dim and undefined. Though it
was present in all classes of society, it lay buried deep in the heart, and
only the leaping sparks now and again betrayed the hidden fire. It was
never fully recognized till the religion of Christ had come; for great reli-
gious movements not only satisfy the cravings of which humanity is con-
scious, but make manifest to it its deeper needs." Such movements as
these, however, must be limited to the inspired religion.

"Nor man nor nature satisfies
Whom only God created."

To attempt to trace the thought of the Infinite through all the cycles
of time, as it is inscribed upon the characters, blurred often and always in-
distinct, of human experience, is a vast undertaking. We honor the effort
of Dr. Pressensé, and are grateful for the large measure of success which
he has attained; nor are we depreciating it, though we must exclaim, as
always, in the presence of a finite interpretation of God: "How small a
whisper do we hear of Him! But the thunder of His power, who can
understand?"—*Christian Union*, '88.

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